

Exhibit H

Colin Michael Sargent Jr.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X
In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

-----X
SUZZANNE ANDERSON, et al,

**AFFIDAVIT OF
COLIN MICHAEL SARGENT, JR.**

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00354 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X
STATE OF NEW YORK)
 : SS.:
COUNTY OF ERIE)

COLIN MICHAEL SARGENT, JR., being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 47 Wainwright Court, Buffalo, New York 14221.
2. I am currently 37 years old, having been born on April 3, 1985.
3. I am the son of Colin Michael Sargent, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.
4. My father passed away from esophageal cancer on June 25, 2014. It has been medically determined that this illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks.
5. My dad and I were incredibly close and shared a special relationship. I was his only son so we had a unique bond. He taught me everything. He helped me with my school work

and taught me sports like tennis, baseball, and football. He helped finance my education for high school through college. He got me a car so I could drive to college. He was always there with advice and help. He was so handy and loved doing construction projects and welding and fixing cars. My dad was an incredible role model and gave me the work ethic that I have today. My dad provided for his family. He made our house a home and even built an extension on our house himself. I jokingly say he was the original YouTube because he always had the answers. We talked multiple times a day, and he continued to give me invaluable advice right up until the end.

6. I remember 9/11. My dad didn't talk about what he saw. He didn't let on how much it changed him.


7. I remember when my dad got sick. He was diagnosed with esophageal cancer, which had spread to his spine. There weren't many options available to him, including surgery. He had chemotherapy and radiation, but these treatments took their toll and he plummeted quickly. His health was too far gone, and there wasn't anything anyone could do. I was shocked at how quickly his health deteriorated. I saw him struggle with excruciating back pain. I saw him go through intense chemotherapy and radiation. He struggled to move around and had to rely on a cane. I remember him being in unbearable pain just trying to get up off the couch. He would constantly say how much his throat hurt. I watched him become bedridden and struggle with bedsores. He needed assistance going to the bathroom. I saw how much he wanted to keep going and not be limited by his illness. When we had to move my dad to hospice, we needed the police to assist us with moving him. He transformed from the strongest person in my life to someone who was so fragile and weak. He didn't have anything to give in the end, but he gave all he had. He only lived for eight months following his diagnosis. I wish we had more time with him.

8. The financial impact of my dad's illness and death has been huge. I made the decision once my dad got sick to buy a house near my parents even though it was hours away from my job in Rochester, New York. I commuted 142 miles roundtrip each day. I worked long shifts, 12-13 hours each day. I drove to see my parents after work every day to try to spend time with my dad and help support my mom. I still commute to stay near my mom, and spend \$800-1,000 a month on gas alone. I have to get a new car every few years because I put so many miles on my car from commuting. I am away from my own family often as well. I take the wear and tear on me to help my family, but it is a lot.

9. My dad's cancer and death have been humbling and had a big emotional impact on me. I watched my dad go from a big strong guy, always working out and priding himself on fixing things, to not being able to fix cancer. I know it hurt him to rely on other people and not be able to help his family. I know he fought until the very end, but I was almost relieved for him when he took his last breath because he didn't have to fight anymore. I struggle to think of all the things my dad was never able to do. I am sad for the time that I lost with him. I am sad my son and daughter will never know their grandfather. I got to see him as a grandfather to my sister's children and know he would have been an amazing grandfather to my own children. I wish my children could have met my role model and the man who shaped me into who I am today. I know they would have loved him. I am sad for all we have lost and can never get back.


COLIN MICHAEL SARGENT, JR.

Sworn to before me this
16th day of ~~May~~, 2022


Notary Public

CHARLES A. PIZZOLANTI
NOTARY PUBLIC, STATE OF NEW YORK
Qualified in Erie County
Commission Expires Oct. 31, 2022

Linda L. Sargent

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X

In Re:

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

-----X

SUZZANNE ANDERSON, et al,

**AFFIDAVIT OF
LINDA L. SARGENT**

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00354 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X

STATE OF NEW YORK)
 : SS.:
COUNTY OF ERIE)

LINDA L. SARGENT, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 28 North Street, Hamburg, New York, 14075.
2. I am currently 72 years old, having been born on September 9, 1949.
3. I am the wife of Colin Michael Sargent, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.
4. My husband passed away from metastatic esophageal cancer on June 25, 2014. It has been medically determined that this illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks.
5. My husband and I were married 41 years and raised four beautiful children together. Until the time he got sick, we had a very happy and healthy relationship. Two of our daughters

received full-college scholarships for tennis. When the kids were growing up, we were very focused on their athletic training and spent a lot of time on the road because of that. All three of our girls were excellent softball players, as well. My husband coached them in both sports.

6. My husband was a safety agent for OSHA on and in the aftermath of 9/11. He volunteered to go to ground zero the day after the attacks. OSHA was supposed to send Personal Protective Equipment for the first responders. He was supposed to spend a week there giving out PPE. My husband was already there four days before the masks finally arrived. During that time, nobody had protective masks, including my husband. But he helped in any way he could, providing food, water and other supplies. He never told me any details about the time he spent down there.

7. My husband was diagnosed with Stage IV esophageal cancer in November of 2013. I don't recall either of us noticing any symptoms prior to November. He wasn't feeling well, and he went to the Emergency Room. He thought he had a bad case of the flu. After conducting extensive testing that day, we got the diagnosis. It happened that quick. He was treated with aggressive chemotherapy and radiation, but there wasn't much they could do. The treatment days were terrible. He was very down and out, although he tried to stay strong mentally. He was very weak, physically. I took care of him at home and took him to his treatments. He was confined to a chair with a lift and moved down to the first floor of our home, which was difficult because there's no bathroom downstairs. He had to use a portable toilet. Eventually, we put in a hospital bed for him.

8. It was very difficult for me to handle day-to-day things like getting him into the car for his treatments. My husband didn't want friends to see him in the condition he was in. We became very isolated in our home. From November until June, we didn't leave the house for

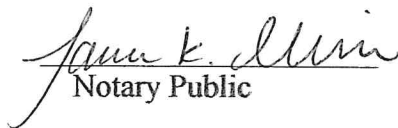
anything other than medical appointments. We only saw immediate family. It was so stressful and all-consuming. He could barely eat until they put a port and feeding tube in his arm. I spent so much time trying to figure it all out—pureeing his food, figuring out his diet and trying to keep him as strong as I could. We didn't have any medical aides helping us. My husband would only allow me to take care of him. He was adamant about that. A medical aide came to the house, initially, to set up the equipment and teach me how it all worked. I had to learn how to clean and calibrate all the equipment.

9. My husband had always maintained our property and done any sort of construction work on our house himself. He was very good with that. He remodeled our entire house, throughout the years. He really loved working on the house. Now having to hire people to do all of those things— it adds up financially and it's not easy to get things done. We had intended to pay back our kids' student loans, but aren't able to do that financially, now.

10. My husband's death was a tremendous loss to me. I miss him terribly.


LINDA L. SARGENT

Sworn to before me this
9th day of July, 2022


Notary Public

JAMIE K MORRIS
Notary Public, State of New York
01MO6406151
Qualified In Erie County
My Commission Expires 03/23, 2024

Patricia A. Sargent

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X

In Re:

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

-----X

SUZZANNE ANDERSON, et al,

**AFFIDAVIT OF
PATRICIA A. SARGENT**

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00354 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X

STATE OF NEW YORK)
 : SS.:
COUNTY OF ERIE)

PATRICIA A. SARGENT, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 83 Pine Street, Hamburg, New York 14075.

2. I am currently 41 years old, having been born on May 8, 1981.

3. I am the daughter of Colin Michael Sargent, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.

4. My father passed away from metastatic esophageal cancer on June 25, 2014. It has been medically determined that this illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks.

5. When I think of my father, I think of all the Yankees games we used to watch together. My sister and I were very involved in softball and tennis. My dad coached our softball team, and

he was at every tennis tournament we were in. He was so involved in our lives. I don't remember a time, whether it involved sports or chorus or any school event, that at least one of my parents didn't attend, usually both. I went to college at Syracuse University, and my parents would visit me often. After college, I moved back home and lived with my parents for about five years. I stayed very close to the nest. My dad was my mentor. He guided me. My dad was the person I could always go to if I was in trouble or needed guidance.

6. I was a college student when the 9/11 attacks happened. My dad worked for the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, (OSHA) as a safety agent. He was at the site the day after the attacks. My dad was sent to Ground Zero to distribute protective equipment, such as safety masks, to the first responders. The protective equipment didn't arrive for almost the entire week he was assigned to work at the site. He didn't have any to distribute, and he didn't have any for himself.

7. My mom told me that my father had cancer. I didn't handle it well. I couldn't accept that my father was sick. I fell apart and wish I could have been stronger during that time. I wasn't living with my parents at the time. My mom was his main caregiver. My dad didn't want anyone else taking care of him. I remember my dad had terrible sores on his mouth. It was hard for my father to accept that he needed help with things like getting up the stairs. We had to have a bed set up for him downstairs. My dad was a very independent man and that was very hard for him—having to rely on my mom, physically. He had a feeding apparatus that my mom had to use to make sure my father was getting nutrients. The chemotherapy treatments were very tough on him. They were doing different treatments on him at the same time, and it was too much.

8. Emotionally, I turned into a mess after my father's diagnosis. I was drinking a lot, to forget about what was happening. My way of coping was not thinking about it. I almost threw

my life away because I couldn't deal with what was going on. I had struggled with alcohol before my dad got sick, and he helped me find treatment. Everything came to a head when my dad got sick. I wish I was able to be there for my dad and my mom in the way I would have felt better about. I miss him every day.

Patricia A. Sargent
PATRICIA A. SARGENT

Sworn to before me this
9TH day of July, 2022

Jamie K Morris
Notary Public

JAMIE K MORRIS
Notary Public, State of New York
01MO6406151
Qualified in Erie County
My Commission Expires 03/23, 2024

Ingrid M. Morales

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X
In Re:

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

-----X
SUZZANNE ANDERSON, et al,

Plaintiffs,

**AFFIDAVIT OF
INGRID M. MORALES**

20-CV-00354 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.
-----X

STATE OF NEW YORK)

: SS.:

COUNTY OF NASSAU)

INGRID M. MORALES, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 12 Harbour Lane, Unit 1A, Oyster Bay, New York 11771.
2. I am currently 59 years old, having been born on January 25, 1963.
3. I am the wife of Michael Patrick Shea, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.
4. My husband passed away from brain cancer on April 1, 2017, at the age of 52. It has been medically determined that this illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks.
5. My husband and I were teammates and partners in crime. We did pretty much everything together. When we needed stuff done around the house, I was the supervisor, and he

was the worker. For example, we got married in 1997 and moved into our first house. The house needed a lot of work. Michael was very good at fixing stuff and renovating it. I was very good at telling him what needed to be fixed. I would say it was an equal partnership. Personality-wise, Michael was an outgoing, talkative person, with a sharp sense of humor. He loved goofing around with his friends, and they all sort of teased one another. He'd always talk about New York sports teams.

6. Michael was working as a Nassau County Police Officer on September 11, 2001. It was actually his day off, after working a 36-hour shift. We were out grocery shopping when a friend called to tell us what was happening in downtown Manhattan. We rushed home to watch it on television. I couldn't believe what was going on and asked him if he was going to have to go down there. He called his headquarters, who were trying to figure out what the plan was going to be to help. A group of Nassau County Police were bused down to Ground Zero. That shift started at 6:00pm. He didn't come home until the following evening at about 5:00pm. He worked for over 14 hours, then he came home, slept and went out there again for the next three days. He was directing traffic and helping to block off the streets.

6. Michael didn't have any symptoms for 15 years. By the spring of 2015, he started having bad headaches. He didn't think anything was strange because he had allergies, and it was allergy season. I'll never forget the date- August 10, 2015, a Monday. He said he was going to the doctor because he wasn't feeling well. The headache was driving him crazy. The doctor said it was allergies. The next day, he went to the local hospital. He really wasn't feeling well and wanted another opinion. The next thing I know, he called me to tell me they needed to transport him to a larger hospital because he needed MRIs and brain scans done to get a precise diagnosis. The next day, they called and said they needed to perform surgery to see if he had brain cancer.

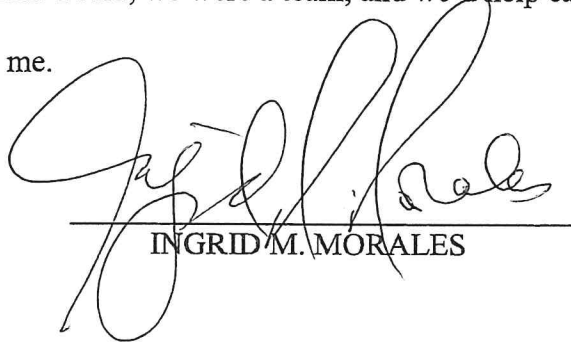
On Monday, a doctor told him he had allergies, by Saturday he was having brain surgery. The diagnosis was brain cancer. After the surgery, he was treated with radiation and chemotherapy. The beginning of radiation treatment wasn't that bad. He needed pills for nausea and constipation. When he was back home, I had absolutely no idea what I was in for or how to handle it.

7. I had no one to help take care of Michael. His family was there for the surgery, but they couldn't accept that he was dying. They weren't there for either of us. As a result of surgery and the treatments, Michael didn't have the capacity to communicate or remember things. He was trying to tell me what he needed. He'd call my name and just expected me to know what he wanted. He was on medications that stopped his brain from swelling. They made him gain a tremendous amount of weight. Michael was 5'11" and weighed about 180 before the cancer. His balance had gotten so bad, I had to follow him everywhere. Emotionally, mentally, even physically, everything was a struggle. I arranged for a hospital bed be delivered to our house and be kept on the first floor. I had a recliner next to it that I wound up sleeping in at night. I slept on it for 20 months. He's a big person in this small area and the lights were off and he would get so confused. I had to help him go to the bathroom, but sometimes he would urinate on the bed because in his mind, he thought he was in the bathroom. I used to change all the bedding and the blankets and tell him not to worry, it was ok, everybody has accidents, like he was a child. Absolutely helpless. It became harder and scarier for me as I was trying to make sure he didn't fall and hurt himself. I was traumatized. And he always wanted me to be near him. He wouldn't let anyone else come in and take care of him. Just me.

8. I took money out of my savings to make sure we didn't have to worry about anything financially. Taking care of Michael and making sure that he was comfortable was my priority.

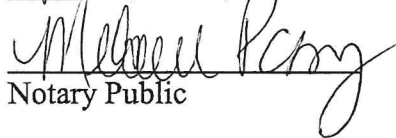
9. I don't wish this experience on anyone. I was strong and able to use common sense about how I needed to take care of him. Like I said, we were a team, and we'd help each other, but it was such an exhausting trauma for me.

MELANIE PAEZ
Notary Public, State of New York
No. 01PA6263748
Qualified in Nassau County
Commission Expires June 11, 2024



INGRID M. MORALES

Sworn to before me this
19th day of July, 2022



Notary Public

Amanda B. Max

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X
In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

-----X
SUZZANNE ANDERSON, et al.,

**AFFIDAVIT OF
AMANDA B. MAX**

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00354 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.
-----X

STATE OF NEW YORK)
: SS.:
COUNTY OF NEW YORK)

AMANDA B. MAX, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 303 Mercer Street, #A207, New York, New York 10003.

2. I am currently 47 years old, having been born on February 28, 1975.

3. I am the daughter of Howard Bernard Sherman, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.

4. My father died from lung cancer on February 20, 2015. It was medically determined that his illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks.

5. My dad and I were always incredibly close. Since I'm the youngest of three girls, and my sisters are five and six years ahead of me, I had a lot of one-on-one time with my dad. My sisters were already away from home, off in college, or even graduated. In addition, my father and I shared a lot of the same interests. While my dad was very dedicated to his work as an attorney, he loved art and would often take me with him whenever he would go to the museum or even private galleries in the city. For all the art-related activities, I was always sort of

my dad's partner in crime. Because my dad and I spent so much time together after my sisters went to college, I was usually the one to go with him and make a day of it in the city. My dad was a wonderful father to me, and I attribute much of my happiness in life to the love and encouragement he provided. In many respects, my dad and I were similar. And of course, with so many shared interests, I genuinely miss his company and think about him everyday.

6. My father had a private legal practice for many years, which focused on medical malpractice and other personal injury litigation. His office was in the Woolworth Building, merely a couple of blocks from where terrorists attacked the twin towers. On September 11, 2001, my parents were on a plane returning from a trip. When the towers collapsed, their flight was diverted to Newfoundland, Canada, where they were stranded for a few days. After finally returning to New York, my dad returned to his office in lower Manhattan as soon as the building reopened and the public was advised, erroneously, that it was safe to return. Upon visiting the office, he discovered the place was filthy with all of his books and papers covered in toxic dust. My dad was always an incredibly hard worker and continued his practice until he could no longer physically do so. As a result, unfortunately, my dad continued working in the same location for several more years and was exposed to the polluted air, which still contained the 9/11 toxins.

7. My dad always enjoyed a healthy lifestyle and was an active runner, even participating in a number of marathons. Things began to change with my dad's health a few years after 9/11. Despite having really strong endurance for years, my dad reported how he would go to the gym and then would have trouble catching his breath. As time went on, dad indicated he felt short of breath, even after more moderate activity. Later, my dad also started to report severe pain in his back. As a result, a battery of tests was ordered, and the doctor explained that my dad had stage IV lung cancer. Under the circumstances, my dad tried to be as strong as possible and indicated he would fight as hard as he could. In an immediate sense, my dad felt incredibly frustrated that he couldn't run anymore and couldn't sustain any sort of physical activity in the way that he could before.

8. After the diagnosis, my dad received both chemotherapy and radiation. Toward the end of his life, my mom located a new immunotherapy treatment for him; although, at that point, it was too late to be effective. This treatment is more common now but at the time it was

difficult to obtain. At some expense, my parents were fortunate to have acquired a number of doses. However, he was administered only two doses before he passed away. With all of the treatments together, and the fact that the cancer had spread to his brain, my father suffered tremendously. To provide a clearer background of some of the physical hardship my dad went through, I remember distinctly that my dad was having trouble walking, he was in tremendous pain, and they later did surgery to try to fuse the spine because he was having different problems. Dad became very weak and very uncomfortable during the time he was battling cancer. He passed away just about a year after he was diagnosed. Ultimately, there were a few moments where he was up and about and able to do things with the family, but there were more moments where he wasn't. The pain and suffering that my dad experienced was not only physical but emotional as well.

9. After I received word that my dad was diagnosed with stage IV lung cancer, my whole life changed. My kids were really young at the time and, because I lived in the city and my parents were up in Westchester, it was often difficult to juggle responsibilities with the children and simultaneously head up to take care of my dad. Knowing how serious things became, I still went up several times each week to try to help my dad physically in any way that I could. I wanted to make sure that he would have some exercise, and I would take him by the arm to go for a walk. That was one of the most stressful years of my life, where everything in our family was us trying to help my dad and just spend as much time with him as we could. My dad, well aware of his condition, wanted to spend as much time as possible with my sisters and me. He was so appreciative of the fact that we were there. It was extremely difficult to be in a constant state of worry over my father and be consumed with racing thoughts about his condition for an entire year. Looking back, it wasn't even just that year. It took years for all of us to function as a family again without him; he really was the glue connecting us all together.

10. One of the most difficult things about my dad passing away from cancer was the fact that he wouldn't be here to see my children grow up. At the time, my children were only eight and five years old; however, they were old enough to remember their grandfather, who would play with them all the time. My dad knew he didn't have much time left and made every effort to spend time with the grandchildren. Even though he wasn't feeling well, he took them to Disney World a few months before he passed away. While we had to assist my dad with a

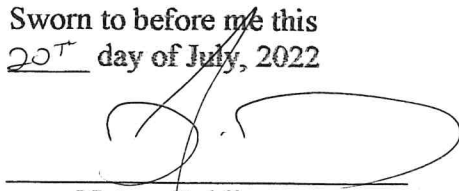
wheelchair around the park, even though he was still in pain, he really appreciated being with the family and seeing the grandkids have a good time. It's so heartbreaking that my dad won't be able to see them grow up. Every day, I want to call my dad and share something about their accomplishments as they continue to mature as teenagers. Even though dad passed away more than seven years ago, I never stop missing him. I always wish dad was here to be with my family.

11. My mother was impacted financially from my father's illness and death. This was particularly hard for her because she'll be 80 this December and hasn't worked in quite some time. Of course, that trickles down financially to my family and me as my parents were always super generous. My dad even helped pay for camp and other activities for my kids, especially at times that were difficult for my husband and me.

12. I have so much respect for my father, who went to work every single day in that office, most times returning later in the evening, to support my mom, my sisters, and me. At the end of the day, my dad was a hardworking man who enjoyed a healthy lifestyle. He never would have gotten sick and died prematurely had he not been exposed to the 9/11 toxins. As so many thousands of individuals and their families have been affected by the 9/11 terrorists, not just on 9/11 itself but in the years that followed, it's critically important to hold all those responsible for the tragedy to account and to provide appropriate redress to the impacted families.


AMANDA B. MAX

Sworn to before me this
20th day of July, 2022


Notary Public

ALEXANDER F LIU
NOTARY PUBLIC-STATE OF NEW YORK
No. 01LI6338309
Qualified in New York County
My Commission Expires 03-07-2024

Melissa Rothberg

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X
In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

-----X
SUZZANNE ANDERSON, et al.,

**AFFIDAVIT OF
MELISSA ROTHBERG**

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00354 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X

STATE OF NEW YORK)
 : SS.:
COUNTY OF WESTCHESTER)

MELISSA ROTHBERG, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 118 Walworth Avenue, Scarsdale, New York 10583.

2. I am currently 53 years old, having been born on April 15, 1969.

3. I am the daughter of Howard Bernard Sherman, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.

4. My father died from lung cancer on February 20, 2015. It was medically determined that his illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks.

5. Many years ago, my husband and I moved really close to my parents' house. Literally, our current home is still just a stone's throw from my family home. We regularly walk over to visit with my mom and, when my father was still with us, we would visit my parents and spend the whole afternoon. My dad was always a huge part of my life, and after my children

were born, he became a huge part of their lives too and was a wonderful grandfather. When I had kids, my parents were super involved in their lives. My parents weren't just essential to my life, but they were intricately involved in my kids' lives as well. My daughters were so close to my parents, they even had a special nickname for them, calling their grandma Emma, and their grandpa, Ebba. My father's footstone, even includes the reference to the name 'Ebba.' The loss of my dad and their Ebba was extraordinarily unexpected. My dad and I did everything together from sitting on the couch to taking family vacations. We did a family vacation to Jamaica together every year since my older daughter was one. My dad loved taking the trip with me, the kids, and my sisters.

6. My dad was the head of the family. I looked to him for advice all the time. Amazingly, dad seemed to be an authority on all subjects, from how to deal with car trouble to more intricate matters of careers, relationships and even parenting. My sisters would ask him for guidance all the time too. I still think about that all the time; whenever something complicated comes up in life and I don't know where to turn, I really wish my dad was still here to help. The year that my dad was sick, I went over every day to sit with him. When my dad passed away, my daughter, Samantha was in her sophomore year of high school, and she hadn't yet applied to college. Had my dad lived a couple more years, he would have been so proud to see her graduate. Education was important to him. With my dad in our lives on a regular basis, his passing away was a humungous loss.

7. On September 11, 2001, my parents were flying back to New York following a trip to Italy. As a result of the 9/11 terrorist attacks, their flight was diverted, and they were grounded in St. John in Newfoundland Canada. Upon landing, along with many other stranded travelers, they slept on the floor of a church for four or five nights. Finally, they were able to return home and, after another week or so, when people said it was safe, my dad returned to his office at 233 Broadway in lower Manhattan. When he returned from the office, I remember that he reported that the office was covered in soot. Since my dad did all his legal research from court reporters, he explained that all of his books and papers were covered in dust and the office was quite filthy. It was difficult to clean up, and there was a mess for a long time. My dad continued to work in the same office for several years. In retrospect, my dad encountered a number of

medical issues during the same period before ultimately being diagnosed with lung cancer.

8. My dad always took good care of himself and enjoyed a very active lifestyle. In fact, he would often push himself, running, and even completing several marathons. Before the diagnosis came, my dad continued to run. However, he reported to my husband, a physician, that he felt short of breath and hadn't been able to be as productive while exercising at the gym. My husband sent him for an EKG to check his heart, which turned out to be fine. But this led to further tests and, as things progressed, my dad reported severe back pain. I started to become distressed that my dad had so many medical issues despite living in such a healthy way for his whole life.

9. In December 2013, my parents went to visit with my aunt and uncle in Florida. When I picked them up at the airport, I could see my dad wasn't in a good place. On the ride home, he explained that he suffered from severe back pain for the entire trip. After a couple more tests, probably sometime in January, he was formally diagnosed. I was sitting on my bed when I received a call from my parents regarding the bad news. They said it was stage IV lung cancer, and I just cried hysterically. Later that evening, I called the mother of a client I had known professionally who put me in touch with someone who runs the Lungevity Foundation, a lung cancer charity based in Maryland. I called her up the same night and received several recommendations for specialists in New York. We quickly made an appointment with Dr. Charles Rudin at Sloan Kettering. I personally went with my dad to the first appointment. We explained that we were planning to have a family vacation in Jamaica. At the time, Dr. Rudin said to enjoy the trip. Once we learned about my dad's cancer, we tried to maintain hope because that's the only way you can get through it. When I first heard stage IV lung cancer, I was pretty shaken up. Andrea, my contact at Lungevity, tried to allay my fears and explained that it's not necessarily a death sentence and that there are various treatments to try, but it was still an extremely difficult time. Before my dad started any of the chemotherapy, he joined us on our family trip to Jamaica. While he still had discomfort in his back, the trip was very important to him, and I'm glad he was there.

10. Despite the prognosis, my dad really tried to be positive because that's just who he was. He never said he was worried about dying. While it was uncomfortable, my dad tried to do

as much treatment as possible. Partway through the treatment, it wasn't working as well as we had hoped, and we switched to something else. Around November or December, we started noticing that he wasn't acting the same in terms of his thought processes. For example, my dad used to play bridge while commuting on the train to work; however, he confided in us that he forgot how to play. Dr. Rudin ordered a further scan. Once again, my life became totally unsettled. While out shopping with a friend, I received a call from a nurse, who informed me that the scan showed my dad's brain was riddled with cancer, and I had to leave the store, sobbing uncontrollably.

11. From there, dad just went from bad to worse. Around January 21st, he was hospitalized. I remember the date because it was such a terrible day. I received a call from Sloan Kettering indicating that my dad experienced a complication while undergoing a scan and had to be taken to the ER. My sister picked me up, and we drove straight to White Plains Hospital, where they had taken him. I called my husband, the director of CareMount's urgent care department, and asked him to leave work immediately to visit with my dad in the hospital. When we got to the hospital, my dad's eyes were rolling around, and he appeared all contorted. My dad was transferred back to Sloan Kettering, where he spent a few days. Toward the end of that January, my dad was released from the hospital. Miraculously, on February 6th, my dad was able to attend my older daughter's 16th birthday party. Unfortunately, there were still some difficulties. He got up from dinner to go to the bathroom, and my husband Dan went to help him to the restroom. Dan said it was terrible. He couldn't even take himself to the bathroom. To my dad's credit, despite all of his frailties, he worked hard to find the perfect gift for my daughter's birthday. Knowing she was obsessed with Harry Potter, my dad found her a special edition set of Harry Potter books, and Samantha was overjoyed to receive them at the dinner. After that party, my dad never left the house again. The following weekend was when we were planning on traveling to Jamaica; however, he was no longer able to do so. Dad encouraged us to go without him; however, I told my kids that we would cancel the trip since their grandfather was getting worse. We spent most of that week in my parents' home, where my dad was receiving hospice care, and my dad died the next Friday night.

12. My dad's loss has brought me nothing but unbearable grief. I recognize that I had both my parents for a good portion of my life and my kids' lives, but there was still a lot more life that would have been left to share with my dad. He never got to see my daughters become young adults. And the loss of my dad has changed the family dynamic between my mother and my sisters, a lot, which has been very hard. Everybody loves their dad, of course, but I miss mine so much and still have lots of conversations with people who will talk about how unbelievable my dad was to me. My dad was one of those rare people who was kind, gave others the benefit of the doubt, and never had a bad thing to say about most people. The joke about my dad was, if he said something bad about someone, they must have been really horrible. I also feel sad that he hasn't been able to continue to see my kids grow up and accomplish everything that they have. I wish my children didn't have to miss out on having their grandfather support and encourage them. There had been so many big life experiences since he passed away that he missed. My daughter finished college last year, presented an impressive thesis, and even graduated summa cum laude. Had he been able to live to see it, my dad would have been overwhelmed with pride and happiness over what she achieved.

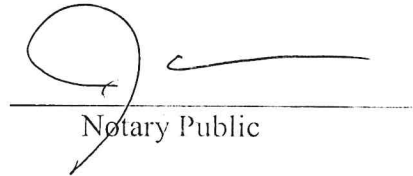
13. The hardest part of experiencing my dad battle cancer was having to watch this terrible disease gnaw away at him. The cancer just took pieces of who he was bit by bit. The only way to describe it would be that it eroded who he was over time in a very painful and ugly way. And it's so undeserved by someone who did right by others and took pains to live a healthy lifestyle. After learning about how his law partner, who worked in the same building, wound up dying from the same cancer, my family and I had our suspicions confirmed that my dad's lung cancer was a direct result of exposure to the toxins from 9/11.

14. For sure, there were costs connected with my dad's cancer and medical care during that period. I would drive in and out of the city more often to see him at Sloan and had to worry about parking and traffic. In addition, I had to coordinate with babysitters for my kids. At the time, I was working as a speech pathologist and, on many occasions, I had to cancel with clients in order to make sure I could rush to the hospital when needed. Regardless of any of these costs and inconveniences, my priority was always to spend time with my dad and help to take care of him as best I could.

15. I know that, had my dad not returned to work in the same office, he would still be here. While it may have seemed like the right thing to do because he was dedicated to his practice, I wish he never did. In hindsight, we understand that it was not safe and that his exposure was responsible for his lung cancer. I wish my dad were here to see my daughters continue to grow up. His death has also been very hard on my mom. The last few years would have been much easier for her had he survived so that he could have continued to help her physically and emotionally. We all miss my dad terribly. He was taken from us way too soon.


MELISSA ROTHBERG

Sworn to before me this
21 day of July, 2022


Notary Public

JOSEPH ARCHINA
Notary Public, State of New York
No. 01AR6034577
Qualified in Westchester County
Exp. Date: 12/13/2025